

## TO BE A VETERAN BOY

THE NEW HAVEN OF SIXTY YEARS AGO AS A VETERAN RECALLS IT.

New Haven's Old Canal—It was a Boon to the Boys of that Generation in Skating Times—There Was the Place Where the Lamprey Eels Were Caught—The Canal and New Haven Athletics—The Lovell School Boys—The Old Powder House—Reminiscences by an Old Newspaper Man Now Out of the Harness.

Very likely it is a good thing on some account to be a veteran. I do not mean a veteran of the late war, or a veteran fireman or veteran Odd Fellow, but just a veteran boy! He can remember a number of things around New Haven which boys not yet veterans know nothing about, and of course have no recollection of. And it is an equally good thing that about sixty years ago New Haven enjoyed the embodiments and privileges of a canal. Fortunate too, was it, that the tranquil and alluring water of the old canal flowed within a few feet of the Lancasterian school. Pleasant was it also that there was a canal basin up Whitney avenue and another canal basin not far from the foot of Union street. How the veterans did take delight in swimming in it in summer and skating on it in winter. I mean the whole canal generally, including the two basins. And when Thanksgiving and Christmas had come and gone and the precious odors from the lilacs filled the air, what pleasure it was to wade in after fresh water clams. But I have not begun at the beginning in this attempt to tell a little something of the reason why it is a good thing to be a veteran boy and to be able to remember the canal. Take it, if you please, in winter and say, on Thanksgiving day. If the ice was thick it seemed as if almost all the boys in town who had a sled or pair of skates gathered on the levee above the lock at Wall street for a grand excursion toward the north, never stopping or returning until after the contemplated battle with the Hamden boys and perhaps a ramble of discovery over the hills of Cheshire. Take it later on, when the levees were lowered in consequence of approaching spring or because the fire engines had used some of the water and the canal was covered with big cakes of floating ice, what supreme joy it was for the bravest of Mr. Lovell's boys to risk their lives in running benders! There was no braver boy at running benders, O think, than Timothy Potter, although Coot Hayward was pretty good at it, except for being somewhat reckless and not using judgment, a matter in any undertaking which is bay for boys and veterans alike. What the ancient river Nile was to the swarthy boys of Egypt, the canal was to the boys now belonging to it. I mean the boys of the New Haven boys were never carried off by crocodiles and never scampered out of the reach of any hippopotamuses, but they had adventures and often came near losing their lives in other ways. For instance, in walking on the narrow edge of the gates which shut up the lock. Yes, and in trying to navigate the water on a stray cellar door and in plunging over ears into the canal when chased in anger by Mr. Sylvester.

In the early part of each year, when the Alling brothers (who owned some of the speedier tugboats of the present time) made ready to mend the bridges, standing for the purpose up to their necks in the coldest sort of water, and the levees were entirely drawn off, no pleasure could be greater for a boy of spirit and stogy boots well fixed with Ritter's waterproof, or plastered over with Riley Nott's best black-ball, than to holdy march down to the very center of the

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A Throat and Lung Balm. Safe and reliable for children or adults. A popular and effective remedy. 15c and 50c. At Druggists.

**Rough on Voice and Throat Cure**  
For public speakers, singers, etc. For allaying rawness, soreness, irritation, tenderness, inflammation; soothing and strengthening the overstrained voice and throat. See at Druggists, or mailed. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

**They are a Power in the Land.**  
For raising and moving the public, nothing equals **ROUGH ON BLUE PILLS**. Not searching and through best chocolate, anti-bilious liver pills. They are chocolate coated and very small. 10c and 50c. At Druggists.

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If not, take a dose of **ROUGH ON BLUE PILLS**. prompt, thorough, effective, cathartic, anti-bilious. They are chocolate coated, and very small. Never fail. 10c and 50c. At Druggists.

**Don't Experiment.**  
You have a right to suspect interested motives in any dealer who might offer substitutes for "Rough on Blue Pills." There is no substitute. "Rough on Blue Pills" has never been equalled, never can be. Hold fast to that which is good. Beware of imitations. It comes in 10c and 50c, wooden boxes, and always bears the name, **EPHRAIM S. WELLS**.

**Rough on Run—Intemperance.**  
(In tablet form), modifies the propensity, the craving, and the temperate desire for strong drink; allays nervousness, promotes sleep, prevents tendency to delirium tremens, etc. Ask Druggists for **ROUGH ON RUN**, or sent by mail. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

**Laurelle's OIL BALM**  
THE WONDER OF THE WORLD

**For Ladies**  
The new or do household, **LAURELLE'S OIL BALM** is a delightful article for instantly relieving the skin and clearing the complexion. It is so powerful, it does not irritate, and it is so quick, it need not be washed off. It is so gentle, it does not dry the skin, and it is so effective, it does not leave a trace of its use. It is so simple, it can be used by all, and it is so cheap, it can be used often. It is so good, it is a wonder of the world. It is so simple, it can be used by all, and it is so cheap, it can be used often. It is so good, it is a wonder of the world.

**FACE POWDERS**  
To neutralize the tanning effect of any powder, use **LAURELLE'S OIL BALM**. It is so simple, it can be used by all, and it is so cheap, it can be used often. It is so good, it is a wonder of the world.

**YOUR GLOVES**  
Can be put on immediately after using **LAURELLE'S OIL BALM** for Chaps or Rough Skin, since it is so simple, it can be used by all, and it is so cheap, it can be used often. It is so good, it is a wonder of the world.

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channel and seize with bare hands the combative bullheads and other fish, mostly shiners and very elusive and slippery. Inmate objects of much interest were then also to be found, such as tin bake-ovens and dippers without handles.

The best place to catch lamprey eels was just below the blue market house, down by Rowland's mill, near the corner of Union and Cherry streets. This was a favorite place for boys to gather together and see and do things, like playing "I spy" and other games. The big tank into which the canal water was pumped for the use of the city sprinklers was a structure of no beauty at all, architecturally, but it had its admirers and was, in some mysterious way, rather an incentive to a boy's natural ambition to climb.

And if a boy (the veteran of this time) had an exuberant melody, the delightful harmony of the boatmen's horns floated out of distance on bland midsummer nights with soothing, not to say entrancing, effect. The music had peculiar witchery for susceptible boys and, for aught I know, gave them their first impulse toward becoming a member of a band, or, at least, player upon a fife, and maybe a bugle in time. And as for imagination such as Persian and no doubt poets of other lands enjoyed, there were enough strange objects always floating down from lock to lock, unless stranded on the tow-path, to entertain a good deal of the mind of a likely boy. Especially so on moonlight nights, when things half seen, moonlight glimmers from the shadow of a bridge, might easily be fancied to be the corpses of dead Indians or constables, when in fact they were only logs of wood which had tumbled overboard, or cats; for the canal was a popular place for disposing of superfluous cats, and when two or three were floating along in single file they might readily be supposed to be somebody drowned.

Next to singing cradle hymns to the children and teaching them the catechism, the mothers of New Haven expended a good deal of energy in warning boys not to fall into the canal. Some went so far as to forbid their sons the diversion of sailing their toy boats on its water, thus checking and handicapping a good deal of skill and ingenuity in making boats with only one-bladed knife, and that, moreover, oftentimes broken half way of its blade.

The canal was the gymnasium for New Haven boys sixty years ago. On its queer-smelling surface they skipped stones and oyster shells, making them ricochet an incredible number of times before final disappearance. From its before final disappearance were taken those daring plunges into the cool and dirty water, the exhilarating rush being very bracing and remembered in after years. Boys knew how to dive in those days and the canal was always in itself an invitation. On its verge, of Sunday afternoons, no town crier with a big bell was needed to summon the boys, for the spectacular enjoyment of a baptism of new converts. They crowded the tow-path and lined up on the bridges, and some went so far into the water as to join the sinking, but generally not in time. At intervals a few feet removed from the tow-path were the long, high piles of wood brought down from towns all the way to Granby, the hillside at the north furnishing apparently hardly anything but pine. Through the labyrinthine passages between these pine tree walls shouting, happy fellows played hide and keep of a Saturday afternoon until it became too dark to see.

Although the canal miserably failed in its mission of putting money into the pockets of its projectors it was a monumental success as a source of pleasure for all boys. It was not considered by any means an ignoble thing for a boy to fall into it and to be rescued and rolled on a barrel and be sent home in a carriage, which was the case, occasionally. No more was it a disgrace to get in and under the lee through a breathing hole, but I never was personally familiar with any boy who did it, being abundantly satisfied to listen to accounts of him from boys who had heard of him. It was risky fun to climb over the hand rail of a bridge and let yourself drop to the deck of a canal boat for a ride to the lock, there being always the fluttering heart of doubt what might be the mood of the captain whose power to punish for trespass was sovereign and limited. The boys who did these daring things, envied as they were by all who knew them, have long ago grown up. A few who have not died are probably captains themselves, if not of canal boats, of whatever great establishment they belong to in any part of the world.

The days and times of the old canal were happier, much, for a certain kind of boys than these of many policemen; for then it was no offense against the peace of the commonwealth or any violation of property to play two old cat in the middle of the street. Constables (except one or two old admirers of Dr. Skinner and his high-handed way of doing things) did not meddle with lots of boys' affairs that now are considered "against the law," they (the affairs) being only ordinary boy privileges, now and forever forbidden. I seem to me, a mere veteran boy, that New Haven human nature has passed out of view for all time.

The upper basin, the eastern edge of which was along Whitney avenue and where the ground is now covered by different shops and factories, had seasons of weakness when its confined waters burst out of their limitation and everybody in the neighborhood had to run to stop the leak or assess damages and lament the torn-up highway. Just below the lock nearest the basin there was a chronically debilitated bit of tow-path, which every few days allowed itself to be washed away and scattered over the adjoining lots, covering up the grass and leaving a wide tract of nothing but barren gravel. This gave spectacular happiness to the boys, and that is one reason why it is a good thing to be a veteran boy in this year of our Lord, 1894. Most of the boys are buried by this time, but there are a few veterans of them who had glorious Saturday afternoons in water sliding down Powder House hill, and equally but differently glorious Saturday afternoons of summer in gathering the fruit of the few old cherry trees of which there were a few left as late as 1880. Or they found immediately after the first frost plenty of walnuts and

chestnuts up at Cold Spring or in Hill-house woods, and a little way past the Sent of Happiness on Cedar Hill way. There were no uniformed boys' brigades and boys did not go around with intent to slay sparrows and pigeons with the patent bullet shooting spring rifles, of ten now to be seen; but lots of boys made and shot off their own cross-bows and when the arrows were tipped with a shingle nail, great execution resulted. They could hit blue-birds, yellow-birds, robins, phoebe-birds, firehairs birds, and many other sorts which made nests in the trees in all parts of New Haven and sung sweetly and invariably met all expectations of reappearing every spring in all tree-tops. This, however, has nothing to do with the old canal. Under its rather turbid water there lurked treacherous holes. Into these were some of the smaller boys misled when a lot of fellows went in swimming and they were not got out of without difficulty and danger. Then the temperature of the water was ever exceedingly unreliable and hence the zest of the peril of cramps. With the vanishment of the canal there has evidently also disappeared from this part of the face of the globe the sort of weather which gave to it at least half its fascination. The picturesque vapors which of an April forenoon arose to mark its route, rise of course no more, to show where slept the tranquil flood, serenely awaiting the momentary disturbance of a progressive and well-laden boat drawn very likely by only one tolling beast of burden, meaning a rather worthless horse. I dislike to mention the circumstance and yet feel it a duty to tell how there was now and then a boy, so bereft of parents and oblivious to principle, as to go sliding on the ice of the canal on Sabbath days when they ought to have been at church or at home reading Baxter or some other good author and getting edification morally.

Does the reader know about Reverie? A boy given to that exercise of the faculties had chances for it once. Standing on a bridge convenient for the purpose (there was one near Mr. Lovell's school) and looking down to watch the passing of boats, he saw a shadowed gloom, a long canal boat, he being at the time above it, the boy saw not the moving boat. He felt though that he and the bridge on which he stood were sailing away to far countries and if he had an active mind, much used to reverie, he could in a few seconds, while moving on, transport himself to places for anything I know, as distant and beautiful as Damascus—aye, or the Garden of Eden, which as modern boys principally understand, was both beautiful and distant. Or in a moment the boy with the reverie felt himself being borne away on an unsuspected sea to a place never thought of by the maker of any geography in this world.

Good by canal—welcome trolley, if such must be the veteran boy has some advantages, as all reasonable minds must unanimously agree! A. V. B.

## TENTH ANNUAL BALL.

St. Ignace T. A. B. in Harmonie Hall Last Night.

The tenth grand annual concert and reception given by the St. Ignace T. A. B. and L. society was held in Harmonie hall last night. The grand march was led by Grand Conductor John G. McGowan and Miss Nellie McGowan, followed by about 100 couples. Music by the Second Regiment orchestra; prompting by Prof. Dunn.

Among those present were The Misses Callum, Flynn, Breen, Mr. and Mrs. McAvoy, Misses Skully, King, Hartman, Buckley, Gebhardt, Redmond, Dwyer, Casey, Ward, McNamee, Pigott, Wrinn, Kelleher, Kinney, Hart, Beegan, Malley, Foley, Hickey, Egan, Heaney, Clark, Marlowe, McGowan, Carroll, Rodrick, Merrick, Hackett, Duddy, Gilligan, Lawler, Flynn and Mrs. Maher.

Messrs. J. P. Kelleher, D. P. Cline, J. J. Halligan, T. F. Jordan, W. F. Rourke, J. F. Kane, T. F. Mulligan, C. J. Keane, T. P. Kelleher, William Hart, M. F. Holloran, John H. Cain, T. J. Coffey, J. F. Gibbons, J. F. Hope, J. P. Buckley, J. L. Brady, J. J. Cobane, P. L. Harkins, W. F. Carroll, John J. Cullen, J. P. Murphy, J. P. Keenan, Joseph Burns, John Casey, L. Mevins, J. F. Malone, James Crowley, T. Shanley, M. Pigott, William Murray, S. Cronin, J. Muldoon, P. White, George Smith, J. J. Bohan of Hartford, Harry Henderson, Joseph Splicey, Mark Healy, Thomas Farrell, Peter Hogan, Frank Fallon, Alfred B. Torpie, Richard J. Connelly of Hartford.

## REV. MR. ROOT'S RESIGNATION.

Wants More Aggressive Church Work. Hartford, Dec. 31.—The Rev. Frederick Stanley Root, formerly of New Haven, has resigned as pastor of the Park church. His letter of resignation was read at the morning service yesterday by the Rev. G. Henry Sandwell of New Britain, who exchanged pulpits with the Rev. Mr. Root. The resignation is to take effect April 1, 1895. Mr. Root states in his letter that he is influenced by a desire for a more aggressive field of church work. The step is not occasioned by any rupture of fraternal relations between pastor and people. The letter on this point says further: "On the contrary, it is inevitable simply because there is not room for two opposing theories of churchly growth and development in a weakened ecclesiastical organization. Our success is conditioned upon the unanimity in the employment of means. It is my firm belief that new measures, new methods, new opportunities enthusiastically embraced and promoted—measures and methods which alone redeem falling-down-town churches from extinction—are absolutely essential to restore our ancient strength. That a majority of people here do not concede this argues no lack of mutual esteem. Only, in my deliberate judgment, certain conditions are indispensable to our prosperity. Failing the opportunity to establish these conditions I cannot remain and still be held responsible for results. This is said without bitterness or complaint. Indeed, I must respect the honest opinions of honest men as I wish my own respected."

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## INTERESTING FACTS.

Evangelistic Work in Wallingford—A Large Union Meeting.

On last Sunday evening a large union meeting assembled in the Congregational church in Wallingford to hear the report of the work recently completed in the town by the visitors of the Connecticut Bible society. The Rev. William H. Gilbert, secretary of the society; Rev. J. J. Blair of the Congregational church, and Rev. J. E. Marble of the Baptist church made addresses, and Mr. E. B. Seelye and Mr. E. B. Wells, on the part of the visitors, made statements unfolding interesting facts. The statistics gathered showed that the population of the town numbers 899 more than when the last national census was taken.

There were found 82 Adventist families, 220 Baptist, 229 Congregational, 313 Episcopal, 28 Lutheran, 97 Methodist, 2 Presbyterian, 565 Roman Catholic, 8 Universalist, 10 of other denominations and 40 of no preference.

There were 997 American families, 163 English, 55 French, 130 German, 6 Hungarian, 23 Irish, 12 Italian, 5 Russian, 4 Danish, 18 Scotch, 10 Swiss, 1 Welsh, 3 Chinese and one of another nationality. The whole population of the town is 7,483.

There were 26 Protestant families and 178 Roman Catholic families without the Bible, in all 240. Protestant children between 4 and 15 in Sunday school, 675; not attending, 207. Roman Catholic children of the same age in Sunday school or studying the catechism, 634; not attending, 223.

The visitors have been everywhere cordially welcomed, and their labors have often awakened the warmest gratitude, while many have decided to live a Christian life.

## A Birthday Surprise.

Last Sunday night a birthday surprise was tendered Mr. W. C. Downs of the Second Regiment band at his residence, 43 Stevens street. Among those present were Frank Ficht, Fred Scanlon, Fred Gifford, Ernest Doolittle, Jerry Lynch, Emil Adler, Miss Nellie Doolittle, Mr. and Mrs. Kegelmeyer and Miss Penny.

## WESTVILLE.

Death of Nellie Crossland—For Sad Fate—Another Accident.

Nellie Crossland, aged thirteen, daughter of Joseph Crossland, died at her home in Westville yesterday morning from the effects of burns received Sunday afternoon.

Sunday afternoon the little girl was playing in the sitting room near an open fireplace. Her mother was occupied in another room when the child rushed into the room from which she heard the scream and saw her daughter enveloped in flames. She hastily threw a blanket over the child and succeeded in extinguishing the flames. The child had been fearfully burned about the face, neck and hands. Medical aid was summoned at once and everything was done to alleviate the child's sufferings, but the injuries proved fatal.

J. L. Reed of Westville, a carpenter, while at work on a new building in that place fell and broke his arm yesterday.

## CARE IN INFANCY.

One of the features of the Modern Coffee Trade of America. Since the days of Solomon, the world has needed that which the beginning is the most essential in any project. The modern coffee trade, as it is noted houses selling trademark goods, has recognized this and more care in the growing of coffee from which the delicious beverage is made.

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Evangelistic Work in Wallingford—A Large Union Meeting.

On last Sunday evening a large union meeting assembled in the Congregational church in Wallingford to hear the report of the work recently completed in the town by the visitors of the Connecticut Bible society. The Rev. William H. Gilbert, secretary of the society; Rev. J. J. Blair of the Congregational church, and Rev. J. E. Marble of the Baptist church made addresses, and Mr. E. B. Seelye and Mr. E. B. Wells, on the part of the visitors, made statements unfolding interesting facts. The statistics gathered showed that the population of the town numbers 899 more than when the last national census was taken.

There were found 82 Adventist families, 220 Baptist, 229 Congregational, 313 Episcopal, 28 Lutheran, 97 Methodist, 2 Presbyterian, 565 Roman Catholic, 8 Universalist, 10 of other denominations and 40 of no preference.

There were 997 American families, 163 English, 55 French, 130 German, 6 Hungarian, 23 Irish, 12 Italian, 5 Russian, 4 Danish, 18 Scotch, 10 Swiss, 1 Welsh, 3 Chinese and one of another nationality. The whole population of the town is 7,483.

There were 26 Protestant families and 178 Roman Catholic families without the Bible, in all 240. Protestant children between 4 and 15 in Sunday school, 675; not attending, 207. Roman Catholic children of the same age in Sunday school or studying the catechism, 634; not attending, 223.

The visitors have been everywhere cordially welcomed, and their labors have often awakened the